

# enny-worth of WIT;

O R,

clear Distinction between a virtuous  
Wife and a wanton Harlot.

I. How a Merchant was deluded from his La-  
by an Harlot, to whom he carried Gold, Jewels,  
other valuable Things, for many Years, which  
received with unspeakable Flattery, until his  
e gave him a Penny to bestow on a Penny-  
th of Wit.

II. How he sailed to a far Country, and there  
hanging his Goods for other rich Merchandize,  
t to a Tavern, where he scornfully derided his  
e, and extolled his Harlot, but being sharply  
oved by an ancient Man, and who put him in a  
y to try his Harlot's Love, the Merchant gave  
his Wife's Penny.

III. How he returned richly laden, and put  
elf in poor Array, and went to his Harlot, de-  
ng, That he had not only lost all that he had  
Storm, but had likewise slain one of his Ser-  
s, for which his Life was in Danger, and desired  
helter: But instead of so doing, she abused him  
vile Language, threatening to have him appre-  
ed: Upon which he left her, and went to his  
e, with the same Pretext, who received him  
great Joy, offering to sacrifice all he had to  
his Life. Thus did he find her a virtuous Wife,  
other a flattering Harlot.

*A choice Penny-worth of WIT, &c*PART I. Tune of, *Compleat Christian, &c*

**H**ERE is a Penny-worth of Wit,  
 For those that ever went astray  
 If Warning they will take by it,  
 'Twill do them Good another Day.  
 It is the Touchstone of true Love,  
 Betwixt an Harlot and a Wife ;  
 The former does Destruction prove,  
 The Latter yields the Joys of Life,  
 As in this Book you may behold,  
 Set forth by Mr. *William Lane*.  
 A wealthy Merchant, brave and bold,  
 Who did an Harlot long maintain,  
 Although a Viruous Wife he had,  
 Likewise a youthful Daughter Dear,  
 Which might have made his Heart full glad,  
 Yet them he seldom would come near.  
 The Treasure which he traded for,  
 On the tempestuous Ocean wide,  
 He to his wanton Harlot brought,  
 But nothing to his virtuous Bride.  
 The finest Silks that could be bought,  
 Nay, Jewels, Rubies, Diamonds, Rings,  
 He to his wanton Harlot brought,  
 With many other costly Things,  
 She still receiv'd him with a Smile,  
 When he came from the roaring Seas,  
 And said, with Words as smooth as Oil ;  
*My Dearest, come, and take thy Ease,*  
*To my soft Bed and Linnen fine,*  
*Thou art right welcome, said she,*  
*Both I, and all that e'er is mine,*  
*Shall still at thy Devotion be.*  
 He brought Two Hundred Pounds in Gold,  
 And after that three Hundred more,  
 With Chains and Jewel manifold,  
 And bid her lay them up in Store.

that I will, thou needst not fear,  
 And so embrac'd him with a Kiss;  
 Then took the Wealth and said, *My Dear,*  
*I'll take a special Care of this.*  
 Then did they banquet many Days,  
 Feasting on rich delicate Fare:  
 Thus by her false deluding Ways,  
 She drew him into a Snare.  
 When he had lived some Time on Shore,  
 He must go to the Seas again,  
 With Traffick to increase his Store.  
 This wanton Harlot to maintain;  
 Whom he said, *My Joy, My Dear,*  
*With me what Venture wilt thou send?*  
*Good Return thou need'st not fear,*  
*I'll be thy Factor and thy Friend.*  
*Goods, my Dear, I'll send above*  
*Ten Pounds which thou shalt take abroad,*  
*Now that unto me, my Love,*  
*I triple Gain thou wilt afford.*  
 He said, next unto his Wife he goes,  
 And asked her in scornful wise,  
 What Venture she would now propose  
 To send by him for Merchandize?  
 Send a Penny, Love, by thee,  
 Be sure you take great Care of it,  
 When you are in foreign Parts, said she,  
 Pray buy a Penny worth of Wit.  
 He laid a Penny in his Hand, and said,  
 Pray you now do not forget,  
 When you are in another Land,  
 Buy a Penny-worth of Wit.  
 He put the Penny up secure,  
 And said, *I'll take a special Care*  
*Of it out, you may be sure.*  
 So to his Miss he did repair,  
 Told her what he was to buy;  
 Which she laugh'd his Wife to Scorn.

On board he went immediately,  
And set to Sea that very Morn.

## P A R T II.

NOW were they gone with merry Hearts,  
The Merchant and the jovial Crew,  
From Port to Port in foreign Parts,  
To trade as they were wont to do.  
At length when he had well bestow'd  
The Cargo which was outward bound,  
He did his trading Vessel load  
With immense Treasures which he found.  
As he his Merchandize did vend,  
It turned to Gems and golden Oar,  
Which crown'd his Labour with Content,  
He never was so rich before.  
The wanton Harlot's Venture then  
Did turn to great Account likewise,  
For every Pound she should have Ten,  
Such was the lucky Merchandize:  
For Joy of which the Merchant cry'd,  
*One merry Bout my Lads shall have ;*  
*A splendid Supper I'll provide*  
*Of the best Dainties you shall crave,*  
*Before we put to Sea again.*  
This said, they to a Tavern went,  
Where they did feast and drink amain,  
'Till many Crowns and Pounds were spent.  
The Merchant then with Laughter mov'd,  
He said, *For Wit I never thought,*  
*My Wife's small Money I've forgot,*  
*And nought with it have ever bought :*  
*One single Penny, and no more,*  
*She as a Venture sent by me,*  
*I was to lay it out therefore,*  
*In what you think a Rarity ;*  
*She bid me use my utmost Skill,*  
*To buy a Penny-worth of Wit,*  
And did her lay them up in Store.

But I have kept the Penny still  
 And ne'er so much as thought on it :  
 Where shall I go to lay it out ?  
 True Wit is hard and scarce to find ;  
 But, come my Lads, let's drink about,  
 My Wife's small Venture we'll not mind :  
 There is a Proverb often us'd,  
 'Tis never good 'till bought full dear,  
 Therefore I may well be excus'd,  
 There's little for a Penny here.  
 An aged Father sitting by  
 Whose venerable Locks were grey,  
 Straight made the Merchant this Reply,  
 Hear me a Word or two, I pray :  
 Thy Harlot in Prosperity,  
 She well embrace thee for thy Gold :  
 But if in Want or Misery,  
 Thou nought from her but Frowns behold,  
 And ready to betray thy Life,  
 When wretched, naked, poor and low  
 At thy true hearted faithful Wife,  
 Will stand by thee in Well or Wo :  
 If thou wilt prove the Truth of this,  
 Strip off thy gaudy rich Array,  
 And so return to thy lewd Miss,  
 Declaring thou was cast away ;  
 Thy Riches buried in the Main  
 Besides as thou pass'd through a Wood.  
 Of your Servants you had slain,  
 For which your Life in Danger stood ;  
 Seek her for to shelter thee ;  
 Declare on her you do depend,  
 And then, alas ! full soon you'll see  
 How far she'll prove a faithful Friend :  
 If she frown, go to thy Wife,  
 Tell her the melancholly Theme :  
 The labours most to save thy Life,  
 Let her be most in thy Esteem.

Father ( the merchant then reply'd )  
 You must this single Penny take,  
 And when I've pass'd the Ocean wide,  
 A Proof of this I mean to make :  
 And, loving Friends, for ought I know,  
 I may this single Penny Prize ;  
 'Tmay be the best I did bestow  
 In all my wealthy Merchandize.

Taking his Leave, away he came,  
 Both he and his brave Hearts of Gold,  
 To whom he said, I'll prove the same,  
 When I my native Land behold.

## P A R T III.

WITH full spread Sails to Sea they went,  
 Neptune the golden Cargo bore,  
 Through roaring Waves, to their Content,  
 At length they reach'd the British Shore.  
 The Merchant put on poor Array,  
 The very worst of ragged Cloathes,  
 And then without the least Delay,  
 He to the wanton Harlot goes.  
 When she beheld him in Distress,  
 She cry'd, What is the Matter now ?  
 Said he, I'm poor and Pennyless,  
 With that he made a courteous Bow,  
 Crying, No Man was e'er so cross,  
 As I have been, Sweet-heart's Delight :  
 My Ship, and all the Cargo's lost,  
 Without thy Help I'm ruin'd quite :  
 My Loss is great, yet that's not all,  
 One of my Servants I've have slain,  
 As we did both at Variance fall ;  
 Some Shelter let me here obtain ;  
 I dare not now go near my Wife,  
 Whom I have wrong'd for many Tears,  
 Into thy Hands I put my Life,  
 And Pity on my melting Tears.

And he did not my story up in store.



You bloody Villain, she rep'y'd,  
 Don't on me in the least depend,  
 Be gone, or, as I live, the cry'd,  
 I for an Officer will send.  
 I'll give you neither Meat nor Drink,  
 Nor any Shelter shall you have;  
 Of nasty lousy Rags you stink,  
 Be gone you base perfidious Slave.  
 Don't think that I'll your Council keep.  
 Or harbour any such as you.  
 He turn'd away and seem'd to weep,  
 And bid the wanton Gilt adieu:  
 Then to his loving Wife he came,  
 Both poor and naked in Distress.  
 He told her all the very same,  
 Yet she receiv'd him nevertheless.  
 My Dear, she reply'd, since it is so,  
 Take Comfort in thy loving Wife;  
 All that I have shall freely go  
 To gain a Pardon for thy Life.  
 I'll lodge thee in a Place secure  
 Where I will daily nourish thee:  
 Believe me, Love, thou mayst be sure  
 To find a faithful Friend of me.  
 When he this perfect Proof had made  
 Which of these two did love him best,  
 To his virtuous Wife he said,  
 My Jewel set thy Heart at rest;  
 Behold, I have no Servant slain,  
 Nor have I suffered any Loss,  
 Though I have us to maintain,  
 The Ocean Seas no more I'll cross,  
 A loaded Ship lies near the Shore,  
 With Gold and Jewels richly fraught,  
 Much I never had before.  
 The Penny-worth of Wit I've bought.  
 The more he to the Harlot goes,  
 With fourteen Sailors brave and bold,

All cloathed in new and costly Clothes  
 Of Silks, and rich embroidered Gold,  
 The Mifs when she the Pomp beheld,  
 Did offer him a kind Embrace.  
 But he with Wrath and Anger fill'd,  
 Did straight upbraid her to her Face:  
 But she with Smiles these Words exprest  
*I have a faithful Love for thee,*  
*What e'er I said was but in jest,*  
*Why did thou go so soon from me?*  
*'Twas Time to go, for, as I am told,*  
*You have another Love in Store,*  
*Whom you have furnish'd with my Gold*  
*And Jewels, which I brought on Shore.*  
*'Tis false, she cry'd, I have them all.*  
 With that the Merchant straight reply'd,  
*Lay them before me, and then I shall*  
*Be soon convinced and satisfied.*  
 Then up she ran and fetch'd him down  
 His Jewels, Gold, and Rubies bright:  
 He seiz'd them all, then with a Frown,  
 He bid the wanton Jilt, *Good Night.*  
 When he had took the golden Purse,  
 And swept up every precious Stone.  
 She cry'd, *What! will you rob me thus?*  
*Yes, that I will of what's my own,*  
*You wanted to betray my Life.*  
*But, Thanks to God, there's no such Fear;*  
*These Jewels shall adorn my Wife.*  
*Henceforth your House I'll not come near.*  
 Home he return'd to his sweet Wife,  
 And told her all that he had done;  
 But since they lead a happy Life,  
 And he'll no more to Harlots run,  
 Thus he, the wanton Harlot bit,  
 Who once had his Destruction sought,  
 Is now a happy worth of Wit,  
 And his Merchant's Treasure brought.